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POEMS
BY
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MASTER OF ARTS,
AND PREBENDARY OF LINCOLN;
A NEW EDITION.

PRINTED
IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXXVI.

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ARMINE AND ELVIRA,

A LEGENDARY TALE.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

A Hermit on the Banks of Trent,
Far from the World's bewildering Maze,
To humbler Scenes of calm Content
Had fled from brighter, busier Days.

If haply from his guarded Breaſt
Should ſteal the unſuſpected Sigh,
And Memory, an unbidden Gueſt,
With former Paſſions fill'd his Eye;

Then pious Hope and Duty prais'd
The Wiſdom of th' UNERRING SWAY;
And while his Eye to Heaven he rais'd,
Its ſilent Waters ſunk away.

Life's gayer Enſigns once he bore—
Ah! what avails the mournful Tale?
Suffice it, when the Scene was o'er,
He fled to the ſequeſter'd Vale.

" What tho' the Joys I lov'd ſo well,
" The Charms," he cry'd, " that youth has known,
" Fly from the Hermit's lonely Cell!
" Yet is not ARMINE ſtill my own?

" Yes,

" Yes, ARMINE, yes, thou valued Youth!
" 'Midſt every Grief thou ſtill art mine!
" Dear Pledge of WINIFREDA's Truth,
" And Solace of my Life's Decline!

" Tho' from the World and worldly Care
" My weary'd Mind I mean to free,
" Yet ev'ry Hour that Heav'n can ſpare,
" My ARMINE, I devote to thee.

" And ſure that Heaven my Hopes ſhall bleſs,
" And make thee fam'd for Virtues fair,
" And happy too, if Happineſs
" Depend upon a Parent's Prayer.

" Laſt Hope of Life's departing Day,
" In whom its future Scenes I ſee!
" No truant Thought ſhall ever ſtray
" From this lone Hermitage and thee."

Thus, to his humble Fate reſign'd,
His Breaſt each anxious Care forgoes;
All but the Care of ARMINE's Mind,
The deareſt Taſk a Parent knows!

And well were all his Cares repaid;
In ARMINE's Breaſt each Virtue grew,
In full Maturity diſplay'd
To fond Affection's anxious View.

Nor yet neglected were the Charms,
To poliſh'd Life that Grace impart;
Virtue, he knew, but feebly warms
'Till Science humanize the Heart.

And when he ſaw the lawleſs Train
Of paſſions in the youthful Breaſt,
He curb'd them not with rigid Rein,
But ſtrove to ſoothe them into Reſt.

"Think

" Think not my Son, in this," he cry'd,
" A Father's Precept ſhall diſpleaſe:
" No—be each Paſſion gratify'd
" That tends to Happineſs or Eaſe.

" Nor ſhall th' ungrateful Taſk be mine
" Their native generous Warmth to blame,
" That Warmth if Reaſon's Suffrage join
" To point the Object and the Aim.

" This Suffrage wanting, know, fond Boy,
" That every Paſſion proves a Foe:
" Tho' much it deal in promis'd Joy,
" It pays, alas! in certain Woe.

" Compleat Ambition's wildeſt Scheme;
" In Power's all brilliant Robes appear,
" Indulge in Fortune's golden Dream;
" Then aſk thy Breaſt if Peace be there:

" No:

" No: it ſhall tell thee, Peace retires
" If once of her lov'd Friends depriv'd;
" Contentment calm, ſubdu'd Deſires,
" And Happineſs that's ſelf-deriv'd."

To temper thus the ſtronger Fires
Of Youth he ſtrove, for well he knew
Boundleſs as Thought tho' Man's Deſires,
The real Wants of Life were few.

And oft revolving in his Breaſt
Th' inſatiate Luſt of Wealth or Fame,
He, with no common Care oppreſt,
To Fortune thus would oft exclaim:

" O Fortune! at thy crouded Shrine
" What wretched Worlds of Suppliants bow!
" For ever hail'd thy Pow'r divine,
" For ever breath'd the ſerious Vow.

" With

" With tottering Pace and feeble Knee,
" See Age advance in ſhameleſs Haſte;
" The palſy'd hand is ſtretched to thee
For Wealth he wants the Power to taſte.

" See, led by Hope the youthful Train,
" Her fairy Dreams their Hearts have won;
" She points to what they ne'er ſhall gain,
" Or dearly gain—to be undone.

" Muſt I too form the votive Prayer,
" And wilt thou hear one Suppliant more?
" His Prayer, O Fortune, deign to hear,
" To thee who never pray'd before.

" O may one dear, one favour'd youth,
" May ARMINE ſtill thy Pow'r diſclaim;
" Kneel only at the Shrine of Truth,
" Count Freedom Wealth, and Virtue Fame."

Lo!

Lo! to his utmoſt Wiſhes bleſt
The Prayer was heard; and Freedom's Flame,
And Truth, the Sunſhine of the Breaſt,
Were ARMINE's Wealth, were ARMINE's Fame.

His Heart no ſelfiſh Cares confin'd,
He felt for all that feel Diſtreſs,
And, ſtill benevolent and kind,
He bleſt them, or he wiſh'd to bleſs.

For what tho' Fortune's Frown deny
With Wealth to bid the Sufferer live?
Yet Pity's Hand can oft ſupply
A Balm ſhe never knew to give:

Can oft with lenient Drops aſſwage
The Wounds no ruder Hand can heal,
When Grief, Deſpair, Diſtraction rage,
While Death the Lips of Love ſhall ſeal.

Ah then, his Anguiſh to remove,
Depriv'd of all his Heart holds dear,
How ſweet the ſtill ſurviving Love
Of Friendſhip's Smile, of Pity's Tear!

This knew the Sire: he oft would cry,
"From theſe, my Son, O ne'er depart!
"Theſe tender Charities, that tye
"In mutual League the human Heart.

"Be thine thoſe Feelings of the mind
"That wake at Honour's, Friendſhip's Call;
"Benevolence, that unconfin'd
"Extends her liberal Hand to all.

"By Sympathy's untutor'd Voice
"Be taught her ſocial Laws to keep;
"*Rejoice with them that do rejoice,*
"*And weep with them that weep.*

" The Heart, that bleeds for others Woes,
" Shall feel each ſelfiſh Sorrow leſs;
" His Breaſt, who Happineſs beſtows,
" Reflected Happineſs ſhall bleſs.

" Each ruder Paſſion tho' withſtood
" That breaks o'er Virtue's ſober Line,
" The Tender, Noble, and the Good
" To cheriſh and indulge be thine.

" And yet, my ARMINE, might I name
" One Paſſion as a dangerous Gueſt?
" Well may'ſt thou wonder when I blame
" The Tendereſt, Nobleſt, and the Beſt.

" Nature, 'tis true, with Love deſign'd
" To ſmooth the Race our Fathers ran,
" The Savage of the human Kind
" By Love was ſoften'd into Man.

" As

" As feels the Ore the ſearching Fire,
" Expanding and refining too,
" So fairer glow'd each fair Deſire,
" Each gentle Thought ſo gentler grew.

" How chang'd, alas! thoſe happier Days!
" A Train how different now ſucceeds!
" While ſordid Avarice betrays,
" Or empty Vanity miſleads.

" Fled from the Heart each nobler Gueſt,
" Each genuine Feeling we forego;
" What Nature planted in the Breaſt,
" The Flowers of Love are Weeds of Woe.

" Hence all the Pangs the Heart muſt feel
" Between contending Paſſions toſt,
" Wild Jealouſy's avenging Steel,
" And Life and Fame and Virtue loſt!

" Yet falling Life, yet fading Fame,
" Compar'd to what his Heart annoy
" Who cheriſhes a hopeleſs Flame,
" Are Terms of Happineſs and Joy.

" Ah then the ſoft Contagion fly!
" And timely ſhun th' alluring Bait!"
The riſing Bluſh, the downcaſt Eye
Proclaim'd—The Precept was too late.

The End of the firſt Part.

ARMINE

AND

ELVIRA,

PART II.

DEEP in the Boſom of a Wood,
Where Art had form'd the moted Iſle,
An antique Caſtle towering ſtood,
In gothic Grandeur roſe the Pile.

Here RAYMOND, long in Arms renown'd,
From Scenes of War would oft repair;
His Bed an only Daughter crown'd,
And ſmil'd away a Father's Care.

By

By Nature's happieſt Pencil drawn,
She wore the vernal Morning's Ray:
The vernal Morning's bluſhing Dawn
Breaks not ſo beauteous into Day.

Her Breaſt, impatient of Controul,
Scorn'd in its ſilken Chains to lie,
And the ſoft Language of the Soul
Flow'd from her never ſilent Eye.

The Bloom that open'd on her Face
Well ſeem'd an Emblem of her Mind,
Where ſnowy Innocence we trace,
With bluſhing Modeſty combin'd.

To theſe reſiſtleſs Grace impart
That Look of Sweetneſs form'd to pleaſe,
That Elegance, devoid of Art,
That Dignity that's loſt in Eaſe.

What

What youth ſo cold could view unmov'd
The Maid that every Beauty ſhar'd?
Her ARMINE ſaw, he ſaw, he lov'd,
He lov'd—alas! and he deſpair'd!

Unhappy Youth! he ſunk oppreſt;
For much he labour'd to conceal
That gentleſt Paſſion of the breaſt,
Which ALL can feign, but FEW can feel.

Ingenuous Fears ſuppreſt the Flame,
Yet ſtill he own'd its hidden Power;
With Tranſport dwelling on her Name,
He ſooth'd the ſolitary Hour.

" How long, he cry'd, muſt I conceal
" What yet my Heart could wiſh were known?
" How long the trueſt Paſſion feel,
" And yet that Paſſion fear to own?

" Ah

" Ah might I breathe my humble Vow!
" Might ſhe too deign to lend an Ear!
" ELVIRA's Self ſhould then allow
" That ARMINE was at leaſt ſincere.

" Wild Wiſh! to deem the matchleſs Maid
" Would liſten to a youth like me,
" Or that my Vows could e'er perſuade,
" Sincere and conſtant tho' they be!-

" Ah what avail my Love or Truth?
" She liſtens to no lowly Swain;
" Her Charms muſt bleſs ſome happier Youth,
" Some Youth of Fortune's titled Train.

" Then go, fallacious Hope! adieu!
" The flattering Proſpect I reſign;
" And bear from my deluded View
" The Bliſs that never muſt be mine!

" Yet

" Yet will the Youth, whoe'er he be,
" In Truth or Tenderneſs excell?
" Or will he on thy Charms like me
" With Fondneſs never dying dwell?

" Will he with thine his Hopes unite?
" With ready Zeal thy joys improve?
" With fond Attention and Delight
" Each Wiſh prevent, each Fear remove?

" Will he, ſtill faithful to thy Charms,
" For conſtant Love be long rever'd?
" Nor quit that Heaven within thy Arms
" By every tender Tie endear'd?

" What tho' his boaſtful Heart be vain
" Of all that Birth or Fortune gave?
" Yet is not mine, tho' rude and plain,
" At leaſt as noble and as brave?

" Then be it's gentle Suit prefer'd!
" It's tender Sighs ELVIRA heard!
" In vain—I ſigh—but ſigh unheard;
" Unpitied falls this lonely Tear!'

Twice twelve revolving Moons had paſt,
Since firſt he caught the fatal View;
Unchang'd by Time his Sorrows laſt,
Uncheer'd by Hope his Paſſion grew.

That Paſſion to indulge he ſought
In RAYMOND's Groves the deepeſt Shade;
There Fancy's haunting Spirit brought
The Image of his long-lov'd Maid.

But hark! what more than mortal Sound
Steals on Attention's raptur'd Ear!
The Voice of Harmony around
Swells in wild Whiſpers ſoft and clear.

Can

Can human Hand a Tone ſo fine
Sweep from the String with Touch prophane?
Can human Lip with Breath divine
Pour on the Gale ſo ſweet a Strain?

'Tis She—the Source of ARMINE's Woe—
'Tis She—whence all his Joy muſt ſpring—
From her lov'd Lips the Numbers flow
Her Magic Hand awakes the String.

Now, ARMINE, now thy Love proclaim,
Thy inſtant Suit the Time demands;
Delay not—Tumult ſhakes his Frame!
And loſt in Extacy he ſtands!

What Magic chains thee to the Ground?
What Star malignant rules the Hour,
That thus in fixt Delirium drown'd,
Each Senſe intranc'd hath loſt its Pow'r.

The Trance diſpel! awake, ariſe!
Speak what untutor'd Love inſpires!
The Moment's paſt—thy wild ſurprize
She ſees, nor unalarm'd retires.

" Stay, ſweet Illuſion! ſtay thy Flight!
" 'Tis gone!—ELVIRA's Form it wore—
" Yet one more Glimpſe of ſhort Delight!
" 'Tis gone! to be beheld no more!

" Fly, loitering Feet! the Charm perſue
" That plays upon my Hopes and Fears!
" Hah!—no Illuſion mocks my view!
" 'Tis She—ELVIRA's Self appears!

" And ſhall I on her Steps intrude?
" Alarm her in theſe lonely Shades?
" O ſtay, fair Nymph! no Ruffian rude
" With baſe Intent your Walk invades.

" Far

" Far gentler Thoughts"—his faultering Tongue
By humble Diffidence reſtrain'd,
Paus'd in Suſpence—but thus ere long,
As Love impel'd, its Power regain'd:

" Far gentler Thoughts that Form inſpires!
" With me far gentler Paſſions dwell;
" This heart hides only blameleſs Fires,
" Yet burns with what it fears to tell.

" The faultering Voice that Fears controul,
" Bluſhes that inward Fires declare,
" Each tender Tumult of the Soul
" In Silence owns ELVIRA there."

He ſaid: and as the trembling Dove
Sent forth t'explore the watery Plain,
Soon fear'd her Flight might fatal prove,
And ſudden ſought her Ark again,

His

His Heart recoil'd; as one that rued
What he too haſtily confeſt,
And all the riſing Soul ſubdued
Sought Refuge in his inmoſt Breaſt.

The tender Strife ELVIRA ſaw
Diſtreſt; and as ſome Parent mild,
When arm'd with Words and Looks of Awe,
Melts o'er the Terrors of her Child,

Reproof prepar'd and angry Fear
In ſoft Senſations died away,
They felt the Force of ARMINE's Tear,
And fled from Pity's riſing Sway.

" That mournful Voice, that modeſt Air,
" Young Stranger, ſpeak the courteous Breaſt,
" Then why to theſe rude Scenes repair,
" Of Shades the ſolitary Gueſt?

" And

" And who is ſhe whoſe Fortunes bear
" ELVIRA's Melancholy Name?
" O may thoſe Fortunes prove more fair,
" Than hers who ſadly owns the ſame.

" Ah, gentle Maid, in mine ſurvey
" A Heart, he cries, that's yours alone!
" Long has it own'd ELVIRA's Sway,
" Tho' long unnotic'd and unknown.

" On SHERWOOD's old heroic Plain
" ELVIRA grac'd the feſtal Day;
" There, foremoſt of the youthful Train,
" Her ARMINE bore the Prize away.

" There firſt that Form my Eyes ſurvey'd,
" With future Hopes that fill'd my Heart;
" But ah! beneath that Frown they fade—
" Depart vain vanquiſh'd Hopes depart."

He ſaid; and on the Ground his Eyes
Were fixt abaſh'd: Th' attentive Maid,
Loſt in the Tumult of Surprize,
The well-remember'd Youth ſurvey'd.

The tranſient Colour went and came,
The ſtruggling Boſom ſunk and roſe,
The trembling Tumults of her Frame,
The ſtrong conflicting Soul diſcloſe.

The Time, the Scene ſhe ſaw with Dread,
Like CYNTHIA ſetting, glanc'd away,
But ſcatter'd Bluſhes as ſhe fled,
Bluſhes that ſpoke a brighter Day.

A friendly Shepherd's neighbouring Shed
To paſs the live-long Night he ſought,
And Hope, the Lover's downy Bed,
A ſweeter Charm than Slumber brought.

On every Thought ELVIRA dwelt,
The tender Air, the Aſpect kind,
The Pity that he found ſhe felt,
And all the Angel in her Mind.

No ſelf-plum'd Vanity was there,
With fancy'd Conſequence elate;
Unknown to her the haughty air,
That means to ſpeak ſuperior State.

Her Brow no keen Reſentments arm,
No ſwell of empty Pride ſhe knew,
In trivial Minds that takes th' Alarm,
Should humble Love aſpire to ſue.

Such Love, by flattering Charms betray'd,
Shall yet, indignant, ſoon rebel,
And, bluſhing for the Choice he made,
Shall fly where gentler Virtues dwell.

'Tis then the Mind, from Bondage free,
And all it's former Weakneſs o'er,
Aſſerts its native Dignity,
And ſcorns what Folly priz'd before.

The ſcanty Pane the riſing Ray
On the plain Wall in Diamonds threw,
The Lover hail'd the welcome Day,
And to his favorite Scene he flew.

There ſoon ELVIRA bent her Way,
Where long her lonely Walks had been,
Nor leſs had the preceding Day,
Nor ARMINE leſs endear'd the Scene.

Oft, as ſhe paſs'd, her riſing Heart
It's ſtronger Tenderneſs confeſs'd,
And oft ſhe linger'd to impart
To ſome ſafe Shade her ſecret Breaſt.

" How ſlow the heavy Hours advance,
She cry'd, " ſince that eventful Day,
" When firſt I caught the fatal Glance,
" That ſtole me from myſelf away!

" Ah, Youth belov'd, tho' low thy Birth,
" The noble Air, the manly Grace,
" That Look that ſpeaks ſuperior Worth
" Can Faſhion, Folly, Fear eraſe?

" Yet ſure from no ignoble Stem
" Thy Lineage ſprings, tho' now unknown:
" The World cenſorious may condemn,
" But ARMINE, I am thine alone.

" To Splendor only do we live?
" Muſt Pomp alone our Thoughts employ?
" All, all that Pomp and Splendor give
" Is dearly bought with Love and Joy!

" But

" But oh — the favour'd Youth appears —
" In penſive Grief he ſeems to move:
" My Heart forebodes unnumber'd fears;
" Support it Pity, Virtue, Love!

" Hither his Footſteps ſeem to bend —
" Come, Reſolution, to my Aid!
" My Breaſt what varying Paſſions rend!
" Averſe to go—to ſtay—afraid!"

" Dear object of each fond Deſire
" That throbs tumultuous in my Breaſt!
" Why with averted Glance retire?
" At ARMINE's Preſence why diſtreſt?

" What tho' he boaſt no titled Name,
" No wide Extent of rich Domain?
" Yet muſt he feed a fruitleſs Flame,
" Muſt Truth and Nature plead in vain?"

" Think

" Think not," ſhe ſaid, " by Forms betray'd,
" To humbler Worth my Heart is blind;
" For ſoon ſhall every Splendor fade,
" That beams not from the gifted Mind.

" But firſt thy Heart explore with Care,
" With Faith it's fond Emotions prove;
" Lurks no unworthy Paſſion there?
" Prompts not Ambition bold to Love?

" Yes, lovely Maid," the Youth replies,
" A bold Ambition prompts my Breaſt,
" The tow'ring Hope that Love ſupplies,
" The Wiſh in bleſſing to be bleſt.

" The meaner Proſpects I deſpiſe,
" That Wealth, or Rank, or Power beſtow;
" Be yours the groveling Bliſs ye prize,
" Ye ſordid Minds that ſtoop ſo low!

" Be

" Be mine the more refin'd Delights
" Of Love that baniſhes Controul,
" When the fond Heart with Heart unites,
" And Soul's in Uniſon with Soul."

ELVIRA bluſh'd the warm Reply,
(To Love a Language not unknown)
The milder Glories fill'd her Eye,
And there a ſofter Luſtre ſhone.

The yielding Smile that's half ſuppreſt,
The ſhort quick Breath, the trembling Tear,
The Swell tumultuous of the Breaſt
In ARMINE's Favour all appear.

At each kind Glance their Souls unite,
While Love's ſoft Sympathy imparts
The tender Tranſport of Delight,
That beats in undivided Hearts.

Reſpectful

Reſpectful to his Lips he preſt
Her yielded Hand; in Haſte away
Her yielded Hand ſhe drew diſtreſt,
With Looks that witneſs'd wild Diſmay.

"Ah whence, fair Excellence, thoſe Fears?
"What Terror unforeſeen alarms?"
"See! where a Father's Frown appears"—
She ſaid, and ſunk into his arms.

"My Daughter! heavens! it cannot be—
"And yet it muſt—O dire Diſgrace!
"ELVIRA have I liv'd to ſee
"Claſp'd in a Peaſant's vile Embrace?

"This daring Guilt let Death repay"—
His vengeful Arm the Javelin threw;
With erring Aim it wing'd its Way,
And Far by Fate averted flew.

ELVIRA

ELVIRA breathes—her Pulſes beat,
Returning Life illumes her Eye;
Trembling, a Father's View to meet,
She ſpies a reverend Hermit nigh.

"Your Wrath, ſhe cries, let Tears aſſuage—
"Unheeded muſt ELVIRA pray?
"O let an injur'd Father's Rage
"This Hermit's ſacred Preſence ſtay!

"Yet, deem not, loſt in Guilty Love,
"I plead to ſave my virgin Fame;
"My Weakneſs Virtue might approve,
"And ſmile on Nature's holy Flame."

"O welcome to my Hopes again,
"My Son," the raptur'd Hermit cries,
"I ſought thee ſorrowing on the Plain,"—
And all the Father fill'd his Eyes.

"Art

"Art thou", the raging RAYMOND ſaid,
"Of this audacious Boy the Sire?
"Curſe on the Dart that idly ſped,
"Nor bade his peaſant Soul expire!"

"His peaſant Soul!"—indignant Fire
Flaſh'd from the conſcious Father's Eye,
"A gallant Earl is ARMINE's Sire,
"And know, proud Chief, that Earl am I.

"Tho' here, within the Hermit's Cell,
"I long have liv'd unknown to Fame,
"Yet crouded Camps and Courts can tell—
"Thou too haſt heard of EGBERT's Name."

"Hah! EGBERT! he, whom tyrant Rage
"Forc'd from his Country's bleeding Breaſt?
"The Patron of my Orphan Age,
"My Friend, my Warrior ſtands confeſt!

" But why?"—" The painful Story ſpare,
" That proſtrate Youth, ſaid EGBERT, ſee;
" His Anguiſh aſks a Parent's Care,
" A Parent, once who pitied thee!"

RAYMOND, as one, who glancing round,
Seems from ſome ſudden Trance to ſtart,
Snatch'd the pale Lovers from the Ground,
And held them trembling to his Heart.

Joy, Gratitude, and Wonder ſhed
United Tears o'er Hymen's Reign,
And Nature her beſt Triumph led,
For Love and Virtue join'd her Train.

THE END.

ODES, &c.

THE

PRINCE of PEACE,

A N O D E.

Written in the Year MDCCLXXIX.

O THOU! that on the Sapphire Throne
Of Glory ſeated, look'ſt on human race
With Mercy's radiant Eye! ſtill deign to own,
Tho' much their Madneſs ſlight thy proffer'd Grace,
The Sons of thoughtleſs ALBION! Write thy Law
Freſh in their Hearts! that now, on Blood intent,
With complicated Vengeance, ſtrive to draw
The Thunders down of Heaven's keen Puniſhment!
Plac'd at the dread Right-hand of POWER SUPREME,
Extend thy Mercy ſtill! ſtill mighty to redeem!

Black

Black with no Crimes of common dye,
No common Woes involve a guilty Land:
Revengeful War's loud clangours rend the Sky,
Terror and frantic Rage around her ſtand.
Afflicted Commerce flies to happier Shores,
With Peace retiring, courts the proſperous Gale;
The ſad receſſion Induſtry deplores,
And mutual Confidence and Plenty fail.
Pale Want and dark Diſtruſt and deadly Fear
A gloomier hour portend and evils more ſevere!

See War ſtalk forth with giant Stride!
Far o'er the weſtern Waves ſhe bends her Courſe;
In Brother's Blood her gory Garments dy'd!
While Britons Britons meet with hoſtile Force.
Ah what avail, to ſtem the riſing Flame
That civil Diſcord's baleful Torch ſupplies,
Or Reaſon's Voice, or Nature's feeble Claim,
Or ancient Amity, or Kindred Ties!
Vain uſeleſs all! the raging Dæmon reigns
From cold CANADIA's Hills to GEORGIA's diſtant Plains.

Ah!

Ah! better far, in Ocean's Breaſt
If undiſcover'd ſtill thoſe Regions lay!
If ſtill no Pilot, turning to the Weſt,
Purſued the Star of Eve's retiring Ray!
In evil Hour, alas, ill-fated Land!
The bold COLUMBUS firſt thy Coaſt explor'd,
With prow Adventurous ſought thy unknown Strand,
And midſt thy wondering Sons his Navy moor'd.
Soon as the proſperous Bark in Triumph rode,
With more than mortal Hopes his Boſom glow'd.

What varied Wonder fill'd his Mind,
All EDEN riſing to his raptur'd View!
Here dwelt, he deems, the firſt of human Kind,
And here the Trees of Life and Knowledge grew.
THE ISLES OF BLISS now Bloom to Fancy's Eye:
But that no Dragon guards their Fruits of Gold,
'Tis here, he thinks, thoſe bliſful Iſlands lie,
Nor doubts the Dreams that fabling Bards have told.
The bright Illuſion on his Mind impreſt,
Heſperian Groves he ſees, the Manſions of the Bleſt!

A ſplen-

A ſplendid Viſion, ſoon to fade!
Ah might he now the ſad Reverſe behold!
In vain thoſe Groves extend their bliſsful Shade,
In vain they glow with vegetable Gold!
In vain hath Induſtry, with noble Striſe,
O'er ſleeping Nature wav'd his potent Wand;
And, as her Features ſoftened into Life,
Smiled o'er the Works of his creative Hand.
In vain the riſing Arts unfold their Plan,
Whate'er or Life adorns, or dignifies the man.

What, tho' Religion's Morning-ray
Chace from the weſtern World the Shades of Night?
In vain, from Darkneſs burſting into Day,
Aſtoniſh'd Tribes adore the wond'rous Light.
Muſt then no more that Morning-ray, ſo pure,
To blinded Ignorance its Light ſupply?
Alas! that Britons ſhould that Light obſcure!
And quench in Blood the Day-ſpring from on high!
From Nature's ſimple Path miſlead the blind,
And prompt to Deeds of Hell the unenlighten'd Mind!

Lo!

Lo! now, arous'd to ſavage War,
Their horrid Rites begin; the Chiefs advance:
Hark! their wild Orgies echo from afar!
Their Songs of Death, that Time the Warriour-dance!
Their Orgies ended, forth with ſilent tread
They ſteal along beneath the Veil of Night:
On coward Murder bent, alike they dread
The glare of Day or Foe prepar'd to Fight.
Now with light Leaves they ſtrew the trackleſs Way;
Now couching creep along to Spring upon their Prey.

Perchance, in that unguarded Hour
When wearied Nature ſinks in ſweet Repoſe,
Some Parent, bound by Sleep's ſubduing Power,
Awhile forgets his own and Country's Woes:
Kind Fancy paints to his deluded Sight
His Infants ſporting where no Foes moleſt;
Their Looks contemplating with fond Delight,
He claſps the ſmiling Mother to his Breaſt.
His lighten'd Heart the flattering Dream beguiles,
And golden Harveſts wave, and Peace returning Smiles.

Ah Dream deluſive! ſoon to end!
The human Fiends now ſpread Deſtruction wide:
Hither their deſolating Courſe they bend,
With Death that walks in Darkneſs at their Side!
The frantic Yell, that rends th' affrighted Air,
Proclaims with ſavage Sound their Purpoſe done.
With rage of Hell the mangled Limbs they tear!
With rage of Hell, from Blood to Blood they run!
Carnage and Conflagration mark their Way;
Youth, Age, and Beauty fall, an unreſiſting prey.

Yet Infants hold no forfeit Life——
They, ſinleſs Beings! ſurely 'ſcape the Foe!
Their little Hands provoke no hoſtile Strife;
Save ſmiling Innocence, no arms they know!
With Tears, that more than ſpeak, they ſurely move
The Murderer's Breaſt, recalling nature's Law;
Or melt to Mercy with their Looks of Love,
The Heart, now milder than the Milk they draw!
In vain—their little tears ſhall nought avail!
Nor ſmiling Innocence——their Coat of Mail!

And ſee, where feeble Age extends
His nerveleſs Arm! to ward th' impending Blow
He vainly tries! th' impending Blow deſcends!
Subdu'd he falls beneath th' inſulting foe!
Alas! Life's Evening hop'd a brighter Cloſe!
Not theſe the Promiſes that Nature gave!
He fondly thought, with Glory to Repoſe
Belov'd and honour'd in the peaceful Grave.
His Grave, alas, the Vulture ſhall ſupply!
Bleach'd by the parching Winds his bones unbury'd lie!

Yet Beauty meets a milder doom—
Yet Female Weakneſs bends the ſtubborn Soul—
In vain or Sex ſhall plead, or Beauty bloom:
Their furious Paſſions feel no ſoft Controul.
Perchance e'en now, in yon ſequeſter'd Bower,
Some Maid ſhall liſten to her Lover's Voice,
In thought anticipate the golden Hour,
When holy Rites ſhall ſanctify her Choice.
Vows of long Love ſhe breathes, with fondeſt breath!
Ah! ſoon to cancel all thoſe Vows in Death!

E'en

E'en now ſhe hears the ambuſh'd Foe:
What Sound, ſhe ſtarting cries, pervades my Ear?
In yonder Moonlight glade it lingers ſlow—
No Foe inſidious ſurely lurking near!
Suſpect, the Youth replies, no baſe Deſign;
Our ſafe Retreat what prying Foe ſhall find?
'Twas but the Whiſper of the murmuring Pine,
Or diſtant Waters ſounding in the Wind.
Her Fears remov'd, he thinks no Danger nigh,
And reads freſh Tranſports in her ſmiling Eye.

Alas! that Eye ſhall Smile no more!
No more that lovely Cheek with Beauty glow!
In graceful Negligence no more ſhall flow
Thoſe waving Ringlets ſtiff with clotted Gore!
The Wolves of War now rend that flowing Hair!
Impending o'er their agonizing Prize,
With gnaſhing unrelenting Fangs they tear
The horrid trophy of their Victories!
This ſees the Youth, expiring as he lies,
With aggravated Horror ſees and Dies!

O BRITONS,

O BRITONS, Fam'd for gentle Hearts!
On guilty Cheeks let conſcious Bluſhes riſe!
At Deeds like theſe revolting Nature ſtarts,
And mild Humanity recoils and dies.
In Crimes of deepeſt Dye no longer Share:
Ungenerous BRITONS, ſpare your Country's ſhame!
Your injur'd Country's faded Glory ſpare,
Nor thus to Infamy conſign her Name!
Be her's the Praiſe, than Valour's greater far,
With Clemency's kind Hand to ſooth the Woes of War.

Vain Hope! e'en now new Horrors riſe!
New Modes of brutal Warfare unexplor'd!
In Engliſh Hands the Scourge of Fury flies,
And Flames devour the Remnant of the Sword.
In Engliſh Hearts diſgraceful Triumph reigns,
As wide the Streams of Deſolation ſpread.
Not ſuch the CHIEF, that on GERMANIA's Plains
His Country's valiant Sons to Victory led!
To Conquer leſs Ambitious than to ſave,
He waſh'd with pitying Tears th' unwilling Wounds he gave.

Ah!

Ah! ſurely dead to human Woe
Their Iron Hearts, that Deeds like theſe approve!
All future Hope they ſurely muſt forego,
Nor fear a vindicating Power above!
And yet — to Heaven they bow the ſuppliant Knee,
And breathe the formal Prayer with Lips defiled;
And yet—they lift their Blood-ſtain'd Hands to Thee,
To Thee, meek SAVIOUR, merciful and mild!
And yet—to Thee thoſe Hands they DARE to ſhew!
To Thee, who did'ſt COMMAND affection to the Foe!

Thou Friend of Man! at Pity's Call
Once more thy Spirit in their Hearts renew!
And O may Heaven, whoſe Mercy ſtoops to all,
Their Crimes forgive!—they know not what they do!
In rival Breaſts awake thy Law of Love!
From Thee all human Hope, all Comfort ſprings!
The mutual Wound's keen Anguiſh to remove,
Ariſe once more with healing on thy Wings!
So may each Doubt diſſolve, all Diſcord ceaſe,
And kindred Nations bow before THE PRINCE OF PEACE!

HYMN to PATIENCE.

I.

PEACE with thy Precepts falſe and vain!
Nor fondly Labour to perſuade
That he, who calls on Reaſon's Aid,
May calmly ſmile at Pain!
O EPICTETUS! didſt thou know
(And ſure thy Breaſt, tho' arm'd with ſteel,
Cou'd ne'er forget the Pow'r to feel)
How deeply Wound the Darts of Care,
How ruthleſs in his Rage Deſpair,
O'erwhelm'd in deepeſt Woe:
Then muſt thou own the Truth thy Feelings tell,
Tho' Stoic Pride ſhould prompt thee to believe
That in the ſenſe of Pain no Evils dwell,
That Reaſon's Voice it's anguiſh can deceive:
In vain would Reaſon baniſh from the Mind
Th' intruſive Brood of Care, or Sorrow's Pangs
refin'd!

II. But

II.

But ſay, ye guardian Pow'rs of Man!
To whom in Charge th' all-ruling Mind
At Nature's Birth the Taſk aſſign'd
To guard his little ſpan:
Say, muſt his Sorrows ceaſeleſs flow?
His Life's ſhort Pleaſures diſappear,
Daſh'd on the Rocks of Grief and Care?
While vain with ſtruggling Pangs he tries
To ſnatch from Fate his ſhipwreck'd Joys,
And ſtem the Tide of Woe?
Forbid it Heav'n—O meek-ey'd Patience, come!
Thy healing Balm diffuſe into my Breaſt;
Of Pow'r to ſtrike ſad Sorrow's wailings dumb,
And calm the Soul of Agony to Reſt:
Life's numerous Ills O teach me to endure!
And ſooth with foſtering Smiles the Wounds thou can'ſt not Cure!

III. O

III.

O meek-ey'd Patience! at thy Name
E'en now I feel thy Influence dart
Freſh Vigour to my fainting Heart,
And chear my languid Frame!
E'en now I ſee Thee move along!
No ſtubborn Pride attends Thee now,
Nor Sullenneſs with gloomy Brow;
But chearful Peace, in maiden Pride,
And Reſolution at her Side,
Compoſe thy decent Throng.
Ah! let not ever in thy Train be ſeen
Dull Apathy, from virtuous Feelings free;
From thine tho' widely different be her Mein,
By erring Man miſtaken oft for Thee.
Oh! to my Sight thy genuine Features ſhew!
Hope in thy modeſt Eye, and Meekneſs on thy Brow.

IV.

Come, Goddeſs of the dauntleſs Breaſt!
O come with ſuch an Eye and Mein
As when by dying Martyrs ſeen
You point to endleſs Reſt!
Tho' Malice aim her poiſon'd Dart,
Tho' Torture rend th'afflicted Soul,
And Agony preſent the Bowl,
Tho' Superſtition clank her Chain,
While Perſecution's Iron Train
Aſſail the martyr'd Heart;
The daring Soul, by Truth inſpir'd and Thee,
With Brow undaunted looks upon Diſtreſs;
E'en Perſecution's ſelf relents to ſee
Her Pangs how vain, firm Virtue to depreſs:
For chear'd by Thee ſhe braves the torturing Hour,
The bigot Rage of Zeal, or Tyrant Arts of Power,

V.

O might I Hope Thee for my Gueſt!
Thy chearing Influence might I know,
Thy ſoft'ning Smiles ſhou'd ſooth the Woe
That rankles in my Breaſt!
Come then the thick'ning Gloom diſpel
Of ſullen Sorrows that ſtill low'r,
And Cloud with Grief Life's Morning Hour;
O come! and blunt the Stings of Care,
Quell the wild Ravings of Deſpair,
That fierceſt Fiend of Hell!
Oh come, thou Friend of Virtue, to my Aid!
So ſhall the Soul her Fate no more oppoſe;
But in the Lap of Reſignation laid,
Like Thee ſhall Smile Forgiveneſs on her Foes:
While in this Truth the Conqueſt is ſecure,
He Dies who wou'd reſiſt, who Conquers muſt endure.

ODE

ODE,

TO SLEEP.

SLEEP, thy balmy Aid apply!
Calm to Reſt my wakeful Woes!
Sorrow's Cheek, O gently dry!
Sorrow's Eye in Slumber cloſe!

Fancy, then, ſhall hold her Reign;
Hope ſhall ſooth the penſive Mind;
STELLA then ſhall Smile again;
STELLA ſhall again be kind!

Loſt to all we moſt adore,
What has Life that's Worth our Care?
Sleep, to my fond Arms reſtore
STELLA, faithful, kind, and fair!

But,

But, tho' once ſo fair and kind,
Should thoſe Dreams of Love be paſt!
Ah then! what Solace may I find?
Still let me Sleep—and Sleep my laſt!

ODE,

TO A FRIEND,

On his leaving the UNIVERSITY,

Written at MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

THO' here coy Science fix her Seat,
Where Isis rolls a claſſic Tide;
And awful Wiſdom's ſafe Retreat,
Each Dome that crouds her laurel'd Side;
Tho' every Muſe, and every Grace,
To Fame ſhall conſecrate the Place;
To me, yet tedious muſt theſe Scenes appear,
While Friendſhip tells me **** is not here!

Ah

Ah Friend! believe me, did'ſt thou feel
The Griefs that in my Breaſt I bear,
As oft thro' yonder grove I ſteal,
In penſive Thought and lonely Care;
While Memory to my Mind reſtores
Thoſe Hours, which loſt ſhe now deplores;
Ah! then not ſlighted were this plaintive Strain,
That ſtrives to win Thee to theſe Shades again!

Are then thoſe fleeting Proſpects o'er,
By flattering Hope pourtray'd ſo fair,
When erſt by CHERWELL's reedy Shore,
We mus'd along, devoid of Care?
And can my Friend forget the Day,
When thus he fram'd the votive lay?
While, as we roam'd at Ev'nings ſolemn cloſe,
In diſtant View OXONIA's Turrets roſe.

" Hail

" Hail to yon ſacred Domes, he cry'd,
" Where, rich in all the Stores of Time,
" Philoſophy and Truth preſide,
" Where Heav'n-born Science ſits ſublime!
Ambitious of no vulgar Praiſe,
" With theſe, O let me end my Days!
" Retiring from the World's too curious Eye,
" Here let me live, and not inglorious die!

" So ſhall my Life no Tempeſt know,
" But ſmooth as this fair Stream appears,
" Shall ſtill with equal Tenor flow,
" Unſullied, thro' the Vale of Years:
" And, as the ſlow departing Fires.
" Of Day illume yon diſtant Spires,
Truth on my Mind ſhall dart her pureſt rays,
" And mark with Splendor's Beams the Ev'ning of my Days!"

Ah!

Ah! ſuch was once the votive pray'r,
And ſuch the Wiſh that erſt you made,
As Hope pourtray'd in Proſpect fair
The Scenes that now deluſive fade!
Shall then that Wiſh no longer pleaſe,
Nor all thoſe Dreams of letter'd eaſe?
In Fancy's Eye tho' waving heav'nly bright,
So lovely once they ſeem'd to Youth's ingenuous Sight.

And can'ſt thou then the Charms decline,
That here would court thy lingering Stay?
And can'ſt thou then theſe Groves reſign,
For public Life's leſs peaceful Way?
Where Vice th' unguarded Boſom fires
With all that wakes to wild deſires;
While Youth diſſolving hears the Syren ſing,
And drinks the Dregs of Pleaſure's poiſon'd Spring?

Ah! rather to theſe Shades return,
The Seats ſecure of virtuous Joy!
Where Science from her copious Urn
Pours the full Tide that ne'er ſhall cloy!
Her Streams the ever thirſty Mind
Delight, nor leave a Sting behind.—
To theſe, to Virtue, and the Muſe, attend;
And add to theſe the Wiſhes of thy Friend.

O D E,

TO THE

EARL OF EFFINGHAM.

ON HIS GOING A VOLUNTEER TO THE RELIEF OF GIBRALTAR.

SEVERELY ſhall the Heart repine
That feels its fondeſt Wiſh ſuppreſs'd!
And yet, if Joy, approaching to divine,
E'er trills to Extaſy the human Breaſt,
'Tis in the Moment when, each Trial paſt,
It feels that fondeſt Wiſh indulg'd at laſt.

As Streams withheld (a ſtagnant maſs)
No longer chear a drooping Land,
If once the long oppoſing Mound they paſs,
Diffuſing Life and Beauty, they expand,
And, as around the liquid Splendour pours,
Refreſh and fertilize the diſtant Shores.

Such

Such Joy is thine: thy ardent Soul
No longer mourns her ſtifled Fire,
But, boldly blazing onward to the Goal,
To glory's Wreath ſhe prompts Thee to aſpire;
Bids Thee indulge thy generous Thirſt of Fame,
As ſhoots through every Nerve the martial Flame.

How ill thy eager Spirit bore
So long to count inactive Days!
Yet, brooking leſs to quench in kindred Gore
(Unhallowed Office!) Freedom's holy Rays,
Of juſt Diſdain a firm Example gave,
And dar'd divide the Soldier from the Slave.

The

Of juſt Diſdain, &c.] On the Commencement of the American War, a War which he rightly judged to be as unjuſt in its Principle, as it was foretold it would in its Conſequences be ruinous and diſgraceful, his Lordſhip threw up his Commiſſion. His Letter to the then Secretary of War, on this Subject, is a Maſter-piece in its Kind, and may ſerve as a Model to ſhew how an Engliſh Nobleman, or inded any Man, on a like Occaſion, ſhould think and write.

The virtuous Strife Detraction ſaw,
And, ſeeing, ſighed, in ireful Mood.
Ye Slaves! that prowl for her inſatiate Maw!
Ye black aſperſers of the brave and good!
Ye hireling Scribes of mean and murderous Aim!
Ye baſe Aſſaſſins of a SIDNEY's Fame!—

Why ſlight ye thus your Parent's Call?
"On HIM," ſhe cries, "your Venom caſt!
"On HIM," ſhe cries, "remorſleſs Blood-hounds fall!
"A HOWARD's Virtues were a rich Repaſt!"
Abaſh'd and ſilent all—his Fame reſounds
From ALBION's Iſle to EUROPE's fartheſt Bounds.

While

From Albion's Iſle, &c.] At an early Period of Life his Lordſhip ſignalized himſelf as a Volunteer on Board the Ruſſian Fleet, in the memorable Engagement with the Turks, in the Archipelago, July 6, 1770, when the whole (one Ship excepted that was taken) of the Turkiſh Fleet was burnt in Ciſme Bay, on the Coaſt of Natolia.

While unemploy'd the Warrior Hand,
Thy Spirit, in that trying Hour,
Join'd to the choſen few, the Patriot Band,
Broke the firm phalanx of inſidious Power;
And, where, with covert guile, ſhe lurking lay,
Flaſh'd on her dark Deſigns reſiſtleſs Day.

This Victory won, a foreign Foe
Thy reſtleſs Courage now demands:
Fearleſs of Toils or Death, 'tis thine to go
Where ELLIOT animates his veteran Bands;
And, prodigal of Life as fond of fame,
To build on daring Deeds a deathleſs name.

In vain would Pleaſure's ſyren Song
Allure Thee from thy fix'd Deſign;
In vain the Pow'r that Rules the abject Throng
Shall point where Terror's countleſs Forms combine
To chill the Warrior's Rage: alike thy Soul
Slights Pleaſure's ſyren Song, and Fear's Controul.

With

With Pride thy Country ſees Thee keep
Thy ſteady Courſe. The truly Brave
Then moſt, when Danger's Breath deforms the Deep,
Delights to Launch on glory's Buoyant Wave:
He marks, with Mind ſerene, the Tempeſt riſe,
And courts the Storm that lifts him to the Skies.

O D E,

From the LATIN of Mr. GRAY.

Written at the GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

O THOU, the Genius of this wild Retreat,
This rude Magnificence of Nature's Reign!
O grant me, if thine Ear I rightly greet,
The calm Repoſe I long have lov'd in vain!
The ſplendid Wonders of the Scene declare
No trivial Deity's preſiding Care.

Deriding Phidian Art and burniſh'd Gold,
A Shrine how vaſt, how rich, how grand, ſupply
The awful Precipice, abrupt and bold,
The Cliff ſublime, that leaves the wearied Eye,
Foreſts, no human Footſtep can prevade,
The Torrent's Thunder, and the Night of Shade!

For

For me, tho' Fate forbid me to aſſuage
In kindred Glooms the Pangs that Youth annoy,
Be mine at leaſt, to ſooth the Hours of Age,
Theſe Scenes of Silent, ſolitary Joy!
Secluded and ſecure from vulgar Strife,
Here let me End the Toil, and loſe the Cares of Life!

ELEGIES.

SONNET

To Miſs CUST,

(Now Mrs REYNARDSON.)

WITH trembling Hope the Muſe's Hand eſſays
To deck with faireſt Flow'rs CONSTANTIA's Grave;
Her plaintive Voice, ſolicitous to ſave,
With fond, tho' vain Attempt, her Charms diſplays:
Tho' vain th' Attempt, tho' fruitleſs be the Lays,
Not unrewarded is the Muſe's Toil;
With Pride ſhe boaſts a CUST's approving Smile
With Pride ſhe boaſts that you have deign d to Praiſe!
Can you then pardon with preſumptuous Aim
If thus ſhe ſtrive her honours to prolong?
Her envied Lot ambitious to proclaim,
If thus ſhe venture to inſcribe your Name?
Your living Charms bear Witneſs to the Song—
Your Smile approv'd it, and that Smile is Fame.

AN

AN

ELEGY,

IN MEMORY OF A LADY.

THE tranſient gleam of earthly Joy
May ſoothe awhile the Senſe of Pain,
Our fluttering Hearts awhile employ,
That ſoon ſhall mourn its fleeting Reign.

For lo! to blaſt the ſmiling Sky
By Hope and Joy portray'd ſo fair,
The Fiend of Anguiſh hovers nigh,
And ſpreads the Darkneſs of Deſpair.

Tho' Stoic Pride may ſmile at Woe,
Unmov'd at Sorrow's penſive Gloom;
While Memory lives, or Tears can flow,
This Heart ſhall mourn CONSTANTIA's Doom!

Yes

Yes, dear departed Shade! to thee
The frequent Tear I'll duely pay,
Nor e'er, till Grief ſhall ceaſe to be,
Shall Friendſhip ceaſe her tender lay.

On thee her fondeſt Thoughts ſhall dwell,
She ſtill ſhall place thy Form in View,
And every Charm ſhe lov'd ſo well
By Memory's Aid ſhall bloom anew:

The open Heart, the poliſh'd Mind,
The Manners gentle, kind, and free,
The eaſy Wit, the Senſe refin'd,
And native Senſibility.

But ah, why thus the loſs renew,
Why thus in fruitleſs grief deplore?
Painful the retroſpective View
Of Charms we muſt behold no more.

Reflection, ſpare the tortur'd Mind!
Retentive Memory, ceaſe the Strain!
Nor thus, officiouſly unkind,
Awake the ſleeping Stings of Pain.

Ah! now I ſee the Tyrant Death,
With icy Hand and flinty Heart,
Prepar'd to ſnatch thy lingering Breath,
While Pain aſſiſts to Point his Dart.

Yet e'en, in this terrific Scene,
I ſee thee ſinking calmly down:
In vain upon that Brow ſerene
Would Death himſelf imprint a Frown.

E'en now I ſee thee all reſign'd,
Prepar'd to meet thy awful Doom!
No guilty Terrors ſhake thy Mind,
Or hover round thy peaceful Tomb.

But ſtill, as tho' they wiſh'd to ſave,
(The inmates of thy gentle Breaſt)
The Virtues fair frequent the Grave,
CONSTANTIA, where thy Aſhes reſt.

Fair Truth is there, ſhe grieves to ſee
Her Manſion crumbling into Duſt;
For ſure ſhe ever found in thee
A Heart to all her Dictates juſt.

She too, of Aſpect mild and bland,
Kind Charity is heard deplore;
She fondly graſps thy clay-cold Hand,
She weeps to find it warm no more!

The tender Paſſions o'er thy Tomb
With fond ſolicitude incline;
Soft Pity weeps thy early Doom,
And Friendſhip bleeds at Virtue's Shrine.

Hope's

Hope's tow'ring Eye is fix'd on Earth,
Nor longer ſeeks its native Sky;
Joy paints no more her Scenes of Mirth,
E'en firm-ey'd Patience heaves a Sigh!

Ah! ſhall that liberal Hand be cold,
That Indigence ſo warm hath found?
Its lenient Aid ſhall it with-hold,
Nor deal Beneficence around?

Are then thy Charms for ever flown?
Thoſe Eyes ſhall Death's dim Hand obſcure?
Eyes, where in mild Effulgence ſhone
The fond Affections warm and pure!

And ſhall that Heart, for ever dead,
Indulge no more the Wiſh to bleſs?
And ſhall thoſe Eyes no longer ſhed
The Balm of Pity on Diſtreſs?

Myſterious Providence! thy Ways
O how inſcrutable to Man!
Why elſe to Vice her length of Days?
To Virtue why ſo ſhort a Span?

Is it, that Virtue trembling flies
From Vice's rude contagious Air?
Glad to reſume her native Skies,
To fly from Vanity and Care?

Is it, that on this earthly Stage,
Thro' Life's dull Scene of varied woe,
No object riſes to engage,
Thoſe Smiles which Virtue can beſtow?

And yet, by Love and Fortune bleſt,
To thee an envied bliſs was known;
'Twas thine to Share a kindred Breaſt,
A Soul congenial to thy own!

'Twas

'Twas thine to live belov'd, ador'd,
By him whom moſt thy heart approv'd:
What greater Bliſs can Life afford
By thoſe we love, than to be lov'd?

Pleaſure ſo pure can pomp impart,
Can Wealth beſtow, or fame diſplay?
No, L———, let thy faithful Heart
In this bear Witneſs to my lay.

From Life's beſt joys now doom'd to part,
With fruitleſs Aim that thouſands ſeek,
Ah let not, valued Friend! thy Heart
In the diſtreſsful Struggle break!

Let Friendſhip's tender Hand diſpel
Thy guſhing Tears, thy Woes deceive!
In vain—for my own Feelings tell
She wants the Balm ſhe ſtrives to give!

What

What tho' calm Reaſon ſeem to ſay
" Suppreſs thy unavailing Sighs;"
Yet, when wild Paſſion, would obey,
" Indulge thy Sorrows," Nature cries.

Let then, my Friend, her Voice prevail,
True to whate'er ſhe wou'd inſpire:
But let Affliction's ruder wail
Be ſoften'd to the Muſe's Lyre.

So may the plaintive Pow'rs of Song
Thy Boſom's tender Griefs diſplay;
And ſweetly querulous prolong
The ſad, the ſorrow-ſoothing Lay.

So may the Muſe that loves to grieve,
Her Strains into thy Breaſt inſtil,
Melodious as the Bird's of Eve,
In * MARO's Lay, that murmurs ſtill.

* Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela ſub umbrâ, &c.

So

So may thy lov'd, lamented Fair,
Thro' Time ſurvive, an envied Name!
Enabled in thy Verſe to ſhare
A LUCY's or a LAURA's Fame.

AN

AN

ELEGY,

ON THE

DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Written at UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

His ſaltem accumulem donis et fungar inani
Munere.

TO Friendſhip true, while melts thy honeſt Heart,
O B—— ! In Tears of ſympathetic Woe;
Let me, my Friend, too Share the mournful Part,
And in one tide our blendid Sorrows flow !

Still as his Mem'ry lives within our Breaſts,
Our kindred Souls ſhall heave the Sigh ſincere;
And o'er the ſacred Tomb where R—— reſts,
Together oft we'll ſhed the penſive Tear.

Tho'

Tho' vain the Tear, and fruitleſs ev'ry Sigh,
(All now that beggar'd Friendſhip can repay!)
Love's plaintive Voice, and Sorrow's ſtreaming Eye,
Shall mark the Turf where lies no vulgar Clay.

Reſt, honour'd Shade! while o'er thy humble Grave,
With pious Care the duteous Muſe ſhall ſtrew
Her choiceſt Flow'rs, as anxious ſtill to ſave
Thy Name, embalm'd in friendſhip's holy Dew.

In vain for thee indulgent Fortune ſmil'd!
In vain for thee a Parent's ceaſeleſs Pray'rs
Invoked each bleſſing on her fav'rite Child,
The laſt fond Hope of her declining Years!

Her Hope no more—ſince Death, with Brow ſevere,
Deaf to the moving eloquence of Woe,
Gloomily glad beholds a Mother's Tear,
And ſtrikes with ſurer Aim the ruthleſs Blow.

Oh!

Oh! had that Arm with-held it's hoſtile Rage,
From the dear Object of a Parent's Pray'r,
His filial Love had chear'd her widow'd Age,
And ſtopp'd the ſpeeding Darts of Time and Care!

And are they fled! thoſe Scenes of ſocial Eaſe,
By Fancy form'd remote from vulgar Strife?
Of ſmiling Love, and calm domeſtic Peace,
That ſcatter Sunſhine on the Stream of Life?

Where are the Joys by flattering Hope ſupply'd?
Dear diſtant Dreams of yet unknown Delight?
When Health flow'd vig'rous in the purple Tide?
And Youth ſtill painted ev'ry Landſcape bright?

O Death! laſt limit of our low Deſires!
What awful truths thy ſilent Scenes diſplay!
With Life's pale Lamp the Star of Hope expires,
And Fancy cloſes her deluſive Day!

AN

ELEGY,

TO

MR. GRAY,

From the Latin of Mr. ANSTY, prefixed to his Tranſlation of the ELEGY written in a COUNTRY CHURCH Yard.

BENEATH the ſilent Shade, the ſolemn gloom,
Where Night and Stillneſs reign, O Bard divine!
I too would wander near the lonely Tomb,
And ſtrike my Lyre in uniſon with thine.

To ſit unheeded in the hamlet's Cell,
In penſive Mood to range the rural grove,
Beneath the ruſtic's humble Roof to dwell,
And near the Brook, and o'er the Lawn to rove,

Thy Muſe would deign; above the vaulted ſky
Tho' wing'd to ſoar, and "keep her diſtant Way,"
The Bird of Jove's etherial heights to try,
And riſe with Pindar to the Realms of Day.

If not diſpleas'd the Latian Muſe to hear,
To thy ſweet Lays who tunes her claſſic Reed;
If her aſpiring Numbers ſooth thine Ear,
Thy Smile approving if her envy'd meed;

Haply reclin'd by ſilver Anio's ſide,
Some Swain may teach the liſt'ning groves thy Name,
And Tiber, as he rolls his yellow Tide
By many a ruſtic Tomb, reſound thy Fame.

When o'er thy Grave each drooping Muſe ſhall wail,
And ſtrive in vain to wake thy ſleeping Fire,
When on thy dull cold Ear ſhall nought avail,
CASTALIA's Murmurs or APOLLO's Lyre,

Then

Then ſhall the Muſe (thro' thy unnoted Doom
No Pageantry proclaim) her off'rings pour;
For ever languiſh o'er thy graſſy Tomb,
And cheriſh with her Tears each riſing Flow'r.

SONNETS.

SONNETS.

SONNETS.

I.

To Sir WILLIAM JONES.

ON HIS BEING A CANDIDATE TO REPRESENT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD IN PARLIAMENT, MDCCLXXX.

IN Learning's Field, diverſified and wide,
The narrow, beaten Track, is all we trace:
How few, like thee, of that unmeaſur'd Space
Can boaſt, and juſtly boaſt, no Part untried!
Yet reſts not here alone thy honeſt Pride,
The Pride that prompts thy literary Chace;
With unremitting Strength and rapid Pace
'Tis thine to run, and ſcorn to be denied!
Thy early Genius, ſpurning Time's controul,
Had reach'd, ere others ſtart, the diſtant Goal.
Marking the bright Career that thou haſt run,
With due Regard thy Toils may OXFORD ſee,
And, juſtly proud of her ſuperior Son,
Repay the honour that ſhe boaſts in Thee.

TO

II.

To WILLIAM HAYLEY, Eſq.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF HIS ESSAY ON HISTORY, MDCCLXXX.

WHETHER thy Muſe inſtruct us to diſcern
The Laws that guide to Fame th' hiſtoric Train;
Or paint, with rival Power, a Siſter's Reign;
Or, fondly ſharing in thy ſoft concern,
Pour o'er departed Friendſhip's ſilent Urn
The ſoothing Sorrows of her penſive Strain—
Alike ſhe pleaſes. With repeated Gain,
HAYLEY, thy captivating Page I turn!
Not that the luſtre of thy letter'd Fame
Alone compels a ſtranger's juſt applauſe:
A Heart that glows with Freedom's holy Flame,
That pants in Virtue's, Truth's, and Nature's Cauſe,
Is thine—or never may we hope to find
Ingenuous Verſe the Mirror of the Mind.

TO

III.

To Mr. WARTON.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXVI.

WARTON, the wonder of a thankleſs Age!
Thine are the varied Gifts, the Skill divine
To ſtrike the ſolemn Lyre with PINDAR's rage;
Learning and Wit, with LUCIAN, to combine;
Or dig, unwearied in thy toilſome Mine,
Antiquity, with wealth time-hidden fraught;
From duſt and droſs the purer Ore refine,
And pick with patient Care the Spars of Thought.
Ah ſay, what fair Reward confirms thy Fame?
Alas! regardleſs of thy evening Hour,
Unletter'd Envy bars thy titled Claim,
And ſuppler Virtue wins the ſmile of Power!
And yet, when Power's proud Pageantry is paſt,
And Envy's Snakes are dead, thy Name ſhall laſt!

IV.

To Dr. WATSON.

(NOW BISHOP OF LANDAFF.)

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF HIS FAST SERMON, MDCCLXXX.

THere are who, plac'd on Life's important Stage,
Waſte in ſcholaſtic War their idle Strength,
Or dream dull Days away of tedious length,
In learned trifling moſt profoundly ſage!
Accompliſh'd WATSON, wider Views engage
Thy active Thought, thy comprehenſive Mind!
Truth, Liberty, and love of Human-kind,
And mild Religion animate thy Page.
Philanthropy, that knows no ſelfiſh Part,
And more than patriot Paſſion warms thy Heart.
Of mean and ſervile ſoul, Detraction raves,
Nor brooks the favourite of the Good and Wiſe;
But, theſe applauding, well may'ſt thou deſpiſe
The reptile Race of proſtituted Slaves.

TO

V.

To Dr. THURLOW,

BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

NOT that the Mitre's Rays thy Brows adorn,
(The Mitre oft has grac'd unworthy Brows!
Confirm'd by Hiſtory's indignant ſcorn,
The painful Truth the honeſt Muſe avows)
Not that to thee are giv'n, deny'd to moſt,
Superior Talents, Nature's nobleſt Prize!
Nor yet that theſe, her ſplendid gifts, can boaſt
The added poliſh Learning's Toil ſupplies,
(Though theſe the Baſis of no common Fame)
That hence a judging World reveres thy Name.
A Heart, that Heaven approves, how rare to find!
A Heart expanding wide to all Mankind!
A Breaſt that knows no reſtleſs paſſion's ſtrife!
Conſiſtent Manners, and a blameleſs Life!

TO

VI.

TO THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

ON HIS MOTION FOR ANNUAL PARLIAMENTS, AND EQUAL REPRESENTATION, MDCCLXXX.

THE ſtream that, wandering from its Parent Source,
Brightens the Bloom of many a fragrant Flower,
Shall oft, as Chance directs its careleſs Courſe,
Swell into Life the Plant of poiſonous Power.
Thus flows from honour's Fount the flattering Tide:
It marks alike the Virtuous and the Vile!
Ah think not, RICHMOND, though it pamper Pride,
Such vain diſtinction wins the Muſe's ſmile!
Let Boaſtful Heralds pompouſly proclaim
Whence flows thy Blood, thy Honours whence deſcend,
And draw from ducal Rank an empty Fame!
A loftier Title ſhall thy Country lend,
And fondly hail Thee by a nobler name—
Her Freedom's Champion, and THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND.

TO

VII.

To A LIBERTINE FRIEND.

AH Friend! no longer with thyſelf at ſtrife,
Time, Health, and Happineſs, and Fortune waſte!
Form'd for domeſtic Hours and ſocial Life,
Graſp not the Bliſs that palls upon the Taſte,
And dies——vile intercourſe of Harlots vile!
Be thine the Joys that Reaſon may approve,
By Virtue heighten'd: ſweet is Virtue's Smile;
Sweet the Endearments of connubial Love!
In vain I counſel, vainly I implore—
The varied Banquet ſtill thy partial Theme!
Miſtaken Friend! what can the Maniac more?
He, parch'd with thirſt and rob'd of Reaſon's Beam,
Spurns the pure Nectar of the lucid Stream,
To quaff the drainage of the common ſhore.

Written

VIII.

Written under a Statue of HYMEN, MDCCLXXIX.

NO ſuppliant Votary at thy modeſt Shrine
For promis'd Bliſs delay'd aſſails thine Ear;
Grateful I own thy choiceſt Gifts are mine,
Thy Gifts, increaſing ſtill thro' many a Year!
Peace, Health, and Eaſe, and unreprov'd Delight,
And calm Contentment, form thy gentle Train;
Love waves his light Wings, joyous at the Sight,
Proud to partake with Thee thy eaſy Reign.
Fanning thy golden Torch, he ſmiles to ſee
His faireſt Promiſes fulfill'd by Thee!
Still may that golden Torch diffuſe its Light!
By Love's ſoft Pinions fan'd, ſtill glow more bright!
Thro' lateſt Years extend its chearing Ray,
And gild the gathering gloom of Life's expiring Day!

O lovd

IX.

O LOV'D in Life with Paſſion's fond Exceſs!
With equal Paſſion mourn'd in Death's Embrace!
How oft thy dear Idea do I trace
Thro' all the trying Scenes of paſt Diſtreſs!
Still to my Lips thy clay-cold Hand I preſs;
Still liſtening hear thy laſt expiring Breath;
Still mark thy cloſing Eye, that ſpoke in Death;
Then ſink, ſubdued with Grief that mocks Redreſs!
And yet, dear Shade, ah why ſhou'd I complain
That thus thy dying Image I retain?
Since, to each idle Joy the Heart can know,
I ſtill prefer this Luxury of Woe;
Nor yet thy dear Idea wou'd reſign,
To feaſt on living Charms, and call the faireſt mine.

Written

X.

Written on reviſiting D——

In the Spring of the Year MDCCLXXXVI.

HERE firſt, with fond Regard, I ſaw the Maid
That fix'd my wandering Heart; benignly mild
Here firſt on Love's extatic Hopes ſhe ſmil'd;
And here her yielded Hand that Love repaid—
The Scene how long endear'd by Memory's Aid!
With recollected Joys no more beguil'd,
Ah why then heaves my Heart with Sorrows wild,
Here where the Scene of all thoſe Joys was laid!
Alas! my Sorrows too are dated here:
Here did I ſhuddering mark her Frame conſume;
And here, Oh Agony of Thought ſevere!
The Wife I lov'd is mouldering in the Tomb!
To me thus rob'd of all I held ſo dear,
The World's a Solitude, and Life is Gloom.

They

XI.

THEY tell me, Time, that thou can'ſt ſoothe my Woe;
Thy Hand, they boaſt, (how vain the boaſt appears!)
Shall quickly ſtem the Current of theſe Tears,
That thus in bitterneſs of Anguiſh flow.
Alas! oblivious Power, they little know
That Griefs like mine each Moment more endears,
As Memory paints the Joys of former Years;
The Joys I now forever muſt forego!
Could'ſt thou, indeed, O Time, thy Courſe retrace,
Thy Footſteps meaſuring back with rapid Pace,
Could'ſt thou, renewing all the Zeſt of Life,
Reſtore the Friend, the Miſtreſs, and the Wife;
Ah then, I grant, thy Hand might bring Relief,
Then might Tranquility ſucceed to Grief!

THE END.